

### Latest News.

Nothing happened. Really. Well, the dog was stolen, but it was an accident and it was only possible because we were preoccupied with putting out the fire... Nah, nothing serious, really. We managed to solve the problem so quickly that only two neighbouring buildings caught on, but the block is fine. They've got to make those "No smoking" signs larger and that's exactly what we told the judge. No, nothing tragical, really. We hired a good advocate, so the City Government has no chance.

## Garbage

This stupid article is about garbage, types of garbage, what garbage means for us and what place garbage takes in the life of humanity and community.



Garbage, as defined by an encyclopedia, is unwanted or undesired material. To me words 'unwanted' and 'undesired' actually have the same meaning, but well - I might be wrong. Wikipedia tells us that garbage(waste) is something which has lost its apparent value to its owner. It is a misplaced resource.

There are different types of garbage. Above mentioned encyclopedias talk rubbish on the matter, point out the percentage of waste from mining and quarrying, manufacturing, energy production and stuff like that. We don't need those intelligent phrases. Let's just say that garbage can be of two practical types: garbage you can

use and garbage the real garbage, not good for anything.

Garbage which you can use includes stuff you can eat after it was thrown away, waste which can be modified to be used in a manner which it wasn't intended for (like, take old stocking and use it as a thieves' mask) and things which can be fixed. The latter being most valuable is at the same time most rare.

Garbage the real garbage is only good to be disposed of.

But apart from being there in it's physical form, garbage can be... of a different kind. For example, almost every Internet forum has a waste topic, something like "I'm bored" thread at CTG. You can dispose of any mental garbage there, write silly stories and poems, post images and endless smileys, insult one another for no good reason, get banned and then return back again, with another silly statement. A lot of things can be produced out of boredom.

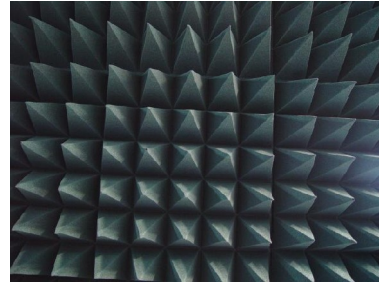
Garbage exists in art. In music we have Trash genres, teh crap compo and a band Garbage and, most importantly, thousands of crappy tunes composed by people when they were in a bad mood or when they were bored or just couldn't do better than crap. Those tracks are garbage of musical communities.

In conclusion, there are garbage collectors. They collect rare garbage items. In their homes they have thrown out property. Mr. Brooming owns a block. This block is generally a big house which is a museum of garbage, open everyday for visitors. You can go there and take a look at galleries of garbage. But the most curious part of the house are underground waste rooms. You are not allowed to go there, but nobody really watches you. As soon as you're inside the museum, there is absolutely no control over what you do there. So people would find stairs leading down and a sign - "Don't Enter!" A couple of peeps would still go down and find themselves in waste rooms. Those have many unique items, most of which are things which were used by famous people, including thrown out bubble gum, medical stuff of different sorts(used bandages), bitten at food, etc. But the whole point of these rooms is to capture visitors, since it is a damn maze. For the past two years about 334 people haven't left the museum. If you go down and return, you would report many terrible things, including corpses of previous visitors.

Waste rooms have many traps, most of which will work just once. For instance, there is a blade, which falls from the ceiling in the 2nd corridor of the E zone. However, it is already occupied by a slashed body of an unfortunate tourist.

Maps are created to assist you on your adventure. The whole underground maze is divided into areas A,B,C,D, etc. The most recent zone to be explored is N. There is also an entrance into the Z zone from the restaurant in front of the block, but zone Z is too tough now. Previous zones have some keys and tips on how to pass the next zones. For

example, zone G had a direct tip on how to avoid falling into the pit in the K zone. It wasn't noticed by those two teenagers, though. Their bodies now decorate gothic spikes on the floor of the pit.



Apart from traps, waste rooms have the so-called "monsters". Those are usually robots or simply guns. Robots are easy to avoid, although in some passages there are too many of them. They are equipped with an electro shock. In the N zone Robo-Hands were reported - metal hands take you by the head, pull up to the ceiling and then swing randomly until someone destroys them. Sometimes they would squeeze the victim's head or just start beating him up. They are more difficult to destroy than floor robots. It is possible that new robots are "opened up" by accessing new areas. Those new robots then start appearing in previous areas too. An old lady was skillfully killed by a Robo-Hand in the B sector just yesterday.



Guns are very frequent and are mechanisms in walls, floor and

ceiling, which suddenly appear and shoot. Most explorers die that way. However, there are ways to predict where and when a gun might appear: a moment before the appearance of a gun there is a quiet click - it's a sound of panels opening.

Apart from mechanisms, there are poisonous snakes and insects crawling around everywhere. You can find places where they have food. By destroying these places, explorers have cleaned up the A-F zones pretty well. In the C zone, the only known zone that has a window into the outer world in the form of a sewer grate in the asphalt, there is a huge bee hive. When you pass, different invisible buttons which you may step on, or levers which you may push unwillingly, start a mechanism which hits the hive and that makes bees angry, so they start flying around those tight corridors, biting anyone they meet. Not a single explorer yet made it's way to the bee hive. You can see it through small windows in the walls, but the maze is too difficult to proceed. Usually, you would run away, screaming, bitten by hundreds of bees. It would be a big relief to destroy the bee hive and make the C zone a recreational place, as nothing else is dangerous there. However, noone could yet locate what sewer grating shows the C zone from the outer world.

Traps vary in form. There are many blades, but another frequent thing is "prison trap", which are holes that have no way out, so once you fall into one of them, you are trapped. Not a single case of a visitor getting out of a prison trap has been reported. Even when there is someone outside, nothing can be done. Currently, there are 17 people dying in prison traps.

Waste rooms are located over the underground river, so sometimes a floor would open

under the feet of a poor person and he would fall into the raving stream of ice water. The floor instantly closes back, so the person just drowns, while the water carries his insensible body along with waste and dead fish into the depths. In other cases, a stream of water would come from a wall, hitting a man and pushing him into a pit or onto spikes.

The motivation for explorers to explore the maze so persistently is unknown. At first, there was nothing but curiosity, then certain Billy Hunn fell into a prison trap and called his parents with the help of a cell phone. They instantly hired some life-saving service, but all the rescuers died on their way to the boy from different traps. A second team of 15 followed, but only three returned. The whole week was a series of attempts to get to the trap. When it was done, it was discovered that the trap is locked. The rescuers broke the lock, but the trap room was oblong and they couldn't reach the boy. Besides, walls of the trap had spikes and mechanisms, probably activated once the boy fell inside, so if you lowered a rope, it would simply be cut off. Billy died 8 days later.

This matter was of a great secret and for some mysterious reason parents of the unfortunate boy did not sue neither the Garbage Museum, nor Mr. Brooming himself.

Nevertheless, the community of explorers grew rapidly. Many people died, but some managed to survive and chart traps. That made it possible for more people to venture into the waste rooms and stay alive. Special suites and weapons were developed, bullet-proof shields and various devices.

Of course, every community has it's own celebrities. One of the most celebrated and respected

explorers is a person simply known as Rob. He works alone, hates his popularity, managed to make his way to very dangerous places, was the first one to chart K, L, M and N zones, wrote instructions on most common traps. Today he is said to be around the still unexplored N zone.

There are also teams of explorers, people who work together. The most successful throughout the years were Team 17, named with a reference to Worms game development company, and Dusty. They were heavily competing with each other, until last year Dusty, which consisted of 20 people, perished in the K zone, coming upon a series of blade traps. Today this room is known as a Knife Room. After that Team 17 became the leader without a rival. They opened a

shop which sells equipment for exploring the waste rooms. This resulted in a massive growth of the community. It is on-line and can be found via <http://www.waste-rooms.org> The site works only during particular hours three days a week.

Of course, all of this is considered to be illegal, but police can't do much. They tried to set a police department in zone A, but several hours later it was destroyed by a massive ants invasion. Generally, official forces are not informed and are unaware of all the life beneath the city.

We spoke of types of garbage. It is obvious that this article is also a form of a garbage. And so is Cheap Newspaper. Thank you for reading us!

## Flat Humour Club

It is a well known fact that flat humour is the most prosperous and populous in the world. Reasons are obvious - a flat joke is easy to produce. It is easily maintained and repeated, since flat things fall well into memory. Flat laughs are irritating and this is hard to forget as well.



However, there is always this opportunity to look at things from a different perspective. Let us consider flat humour to be a positive phenomena of a human community and form a club. Moreover, let us enter this club and develop it. Let us spend all our time, energy and money

and with all the possible dedication promote flat humour. Please, send us your flat jokes, apply for FREE membership today and joke off! =)  
An example of a flat joke:  
-Do you watch this sitcom... um. Enemies? Oh, I meant - Friends!  
Clearly, Cheap Newspaper is a big tribute to all flat jokers in the world!  
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## Internet Personalities

Many people in the Internet divide their life into 'real' and 'virtual'. While these terms are quite convenient when you need to refer to things within or out of the World Wide Web, they are often expanded further.

I personally know people who believe that what they write in chats and forums is not what they are. They are convinced that these are "only words" and that people from Internet communities that they interact with "don't really know them".

While this kind of attitude has its points, in general it is not true. Basically, it's just a sort of a cover - yeah, I'm more than you think I am.

To prove this, let's look what happens when you are communicating in the Internet.

You open your browser and start writing things. (Since this paper is read mostly by musicians from CTG and Modplug, I will take a musical example.) For instance, you released a track and received a 4.0 rating. Furious, you open a topic and publicly flame the reviewer, explaining to people that your music is not that bad and that the reviewer had no right to review metal if he likes trance. As many would understand, this example is not far-fetched, as something like that happens regularly at CTG. You are then rebuffed by everybody and the very frequent thing that happens is that you would say: "sorry, I overreacted. In real life I'm not that kind of person." or

"You don't know me the way I am in real life." Bla-bla-bla.

But the fact is - your words and behaviour speak louder than you might think. From the moment you wrote your first word into the forums, you begin revealing yourself more and more. It is not as virtual as it seems, since it is you, the real you, who presses buttons made of a real material, then a real electronic signal passes by cables or whatever, reaches the server and gets put (in a form of an electronic charge) into the memory. Things that you write come from your mind, the real mind, and the way you react to a review on the real tune which you spend real time writing is a part of you, your character and your attitudes.

Of course, as I mentioned above, we may not really know people for at least 2 reasons:

1. It is very easy to lie over the Internet.
2. In real life people prefer to behave. Insulting is easy when you are detached physically and there is no danger of getting a good punch in the nose. (btw, in this case Internet often shows what people really are)

My experience of meeting people who I knew a long time over the Internet shows that their character matches the image they created during our 'virtual' communication pretty well. Of course, appearance, mimic, sound

of voice, manner of speaking, non-Internet details create a fuller image of a person, but usually it doesn't cancel your impression completely.

Many of us in real life are more virtual then in the Internet. When in the Internet, we can't hide behind appearance, manners. All we have are our minds, words, things we do. All of this is real and many of us should be more responsible about what they say or do in the Internet - all of this is very revealing. I won't mention any names, but some people who behave like morons at CTG are very likely to behave like that in their 'real', non-Internet lives. I can freely speak at least of myself. There were times when I was very proud and I couldn't take any kind of criticism. I answered every review that said my music was bad. And I can honestly tell you that in real life I felt and did just the same. There were times when I was really upset with people who won't admire my music. Or sometimes you can find me flooding the forums with pointless topics - well, sometimes I can be like that in real life, talking rubbish and not giving everybody a break. I'm fighting this trait, though. =)

Somewhere in forums Analysis discussed this with Cooth.

Cooth wrote:

"What I do can't be me, because only who-I-am is me. All my actions are an effect of MY mind influencing my body which does things. All I do originates from me, a conscious being, though the nature of the words I utter or type is dependent on the conditions. In real life, our discussion would be different, because we wouldn't type, just talk in real time, therefore we would have to formulate our sentences faster, and we would be able to interrupt each other.

But I assure you, everything you see on Cooth's artistpage was made by Olech, because Cooth is just another name for Olech. All posts by Cooth were written by me, the dude sitting in a chair and pressing keys on the keyboard (click-clack). I spent real time in my real life writing my music and my posts. When I press Enter (or click Submit button), my words go their own way and start their own, independent existence separated from me. But still, Olech wrote that. If Olech reads it, he remembers how those thoughts were born in his head. Seeing a reply to the POST separated from him, he will treat it like a reply to HIM as a person."

Analysis said:

"hmmz. Well, I guess it's a way of looking into things. I see Analysis as a name for my actions on the web. Gertjan is the one who's really me. Gertjan is typing the words, but Analysis is the one to blame when its wrong."

Analysis voiced a typical example of attitude that makes you less responsible for what you do or say. I am not speaking about Analysis, who is always very polite, but many people not only share this belief, but also live by it.

Another very important thing in communicating over the Internet is that sometimes you can't deliver the tone of your speech. You may mean something as friendly and another person is considering this as an insult. Smileys might help this, but sometimes they may not. Usually, they work only to a certain extent. If you write "Fuck the hell off, bitch!" and put a couple of smileys, I doubt it will do. It will only make it seem that you are laughing at a person.

So you have to be very careful with words.

On the other hand, don't be shy to express your opinions. Do it in as friendly a manner as possible, but keep in mind that there will always be people who are very sensitive and will get offended anyway. Don't let this make you too sad, as those type of persons are offended from the moment they logged in. All they need is a cause.

And this should make you wiser yourself. Don't be sensitive and don't get offended by things other people say. If someone didn't add "in my humble opinion" after every sentence, it's not a reason to think he's pressing you. Don't be this awful sensitive type, who gets mad for no good reason.

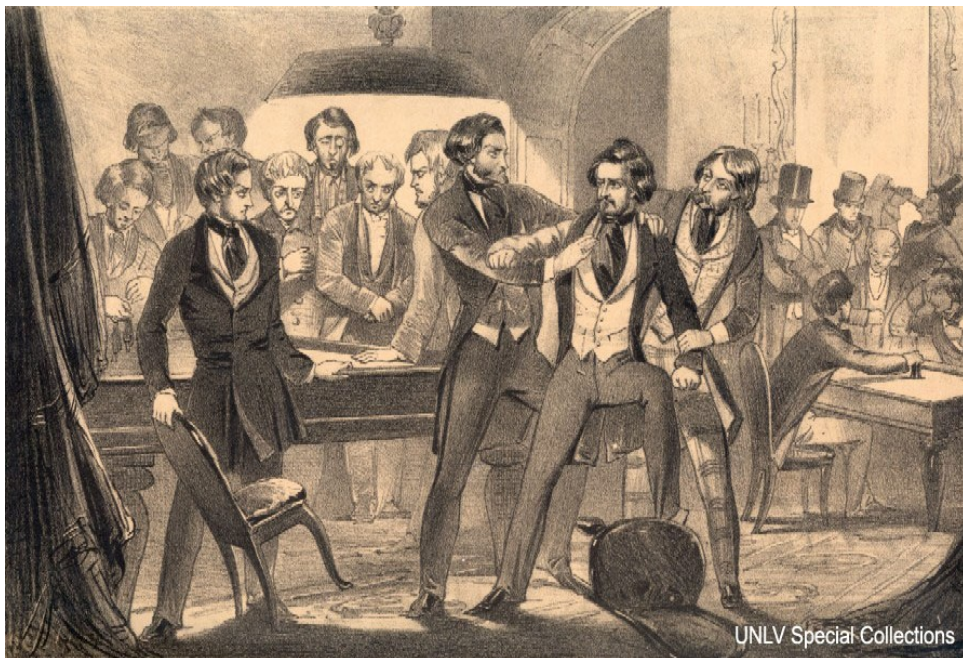
All in all, Internet communication, having some

specialties, is not that different from real life talking. If you are a kindhearted person, if you really do respect people who you communicate with, your every word would be saturated with this attitude and it would be felt even when you are not extra sweet. If you are irritated, selfish person - it would be difficult to hide.

In conclusion, I want to say this: people change. We all learn. Today you and this other person flame each other, tomorrow you will not. Pay attention to what you are saying - you are responsible for your words. They are real.

Should I add that all of the above is but my humble opinion? =)))

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Quarrel and Insult

## Jeux d'eau

There was this person who answered anything only with "Jeux d'eau". He wasn't French, but this phrase was the only verbal thing his brain could output. Nobody knew how it all happened. He got born that way.

When you asked him what time it was, he would say "Jeux d'eau!".

If you asked what his name was, he'd say "Jeux d'eau".

In his vocabulary "Jeux d'eau" stands for 'yes', while "Jeux d'eau" clearly means 'no'.

Other words include:

chair="Jeux d'eau"

orange="Jeux d'eau"

love="Jeux d'eau"

hate="Jeux d'eau"

smell="Jeux d'eau"

cane="Jeux d'eau"

etc.

To somehow fix this, Mr.Jeux d'eau (for he was called that way even in his passport) incorporated a strong emotional layering into his speech. "Jeux d'eau" would sometimes sound violent, sometimes gentle,

sometimes simply informative. This method allowed Mr.Jeux d'eau to develop a special technique of making things understandable just in a couple of words. Everybody found it to be a pleasure to work with him, so Mr.Jeux d'eau soon became professionally successful.

Ah, you want to know about his personal life?

Well, his "Jeux d'eau" could be so gentle that lady Mayenette from one of the rich families of Rome agreed to marry him. They have three children, two boys and a girl, named Jeux d'eau, Jeux d'eau and Jeux d'eau respectively. Children have similar brain damage, so they can only say "Jeux d'eau".

We predict that this breed of people will continue to grow. They will conquer the world, which is not bad at all, since sometimes we are forgetting that words are only obstacles to love. No?..

Jeux d'eau!

### Short Story

#### The Midnight Arose.

It was the Basket Turtle who said: "Ummph." But the Ocean Bear thought that it was uttered by the Reddish Hare and, slapping him hard, he said: "Shush! You don't want us to be heard, do you?"

"Okay, so I don't," - whispered the Reddish Hare, his ears becoming even more red from anger and embarrassment. - "And I also don't like being slapped like that all the time."

"We don't have all the choices we want, do we?", - said the Ocean Bear.

"We don't", - agreed the Reddish Hare.

The three of them looked up at the pale moon which was beginning to shape in the sky. The sunset, fiery red, had crossed the horizon minutes ago, giving more and more freedom to the night approaching.

The Sleeper Dog howled from a hill far away and the Basket Turtle said: "It is time."

The three slowly left their shelter, which was an old oak and thick bush. Without a rush, yet not slowly, they moved from stone to tree, from tree to road, from road back into the shadows of the forest. The cool summer wind calmly rustled the leafage, everything was silent and lonely, as if that land, left by the people, was even forgotten by God.



The Violet Hamster sniffed the air and stooped into some hole, entering the dark world of the underground worm maze.

The Sharp Owl opened her left eye, slowly fixed her gaze on an endless blue of the sky and went back to sleep. It wasn't her time yet.

The Sleeper Dog sang a long sad song once more, as if feeling something strange.

The three were almost invisible, having turned into small dots.

They had a long journey ahead.

They went abroad...

...to never come back.

The Sleeper Dog barked and then cried again.

\* \* \*

Kayda, the wizard, tapped the ground with his cane and plodded on hopelessly. He was attempting to leave Withered Dry for the fourth time and it was just natural to be worried that this time would be no more successful than before.

He adjusted the pattern belt which held his pants, the move being so much a part of him as his skin was. His thoughts travelled in a sinusoid, from evening joy to evening fear, both exaggerated and somewhat vague.

The forest line obediently followed every curve of the road and, turning back, Kayda saw the Three House Village disappear behind a grassy hill, the latter also vanishing at the next turn.

Soon the forest was left behind and a vast plain opened before him, with a road almost invisible in the high grass, going straight to the horizon. The space was so incredibly great and the horizon line gave a feeling of such freedom, that Kayda felt an urge to throw away his cane and a heavy sack and run till he reaches the end of the world...

He did no such thing.

But he didn't stop either. He went on, steadily, patiently, hard. Dry land eventually turned into sand and every step was an effort of will. Once or twice his sharp eye caught a glimpse of a Violet Hamster peeping out of the hole or of an Infertile Fly heavily crossing the sky, but he didn't stop.

It was an hour before midnight when Kayda looked back at last.

South nights are dark and he couldn't see the forest or hills of the Withered Dry anymore. Only a degraded spot suggested that over there is something that is not a plain.

Kayda adjusted his belt and continued with his journey.

He was no longer alarmed. He knew he made it.

He left the Withered Dry forever.

\* \* \*

Some minutes later Kayda saw three lonely dots ahead of him. Every step seemed to bring them nearer. About an hour later he arrived to what seemed to be the camp. A fire was set and the Basket Turtle, the Ocean Bear and the Reddish Hare were gathered round it, warming themselves. Only then the wizard felt that it indeed was quite cold.

He greeted the party and asked if he could join them. They agreed with no reluctance.

"We may miss the Midnight Arose," - said the Basket Turtle.

These words puzzled Kayda greatly.

"You, of course, meant that you may miss the midnight arise, didn't you?"

"The Midnight Arose," - said the Basket Turtle solemnly.

"The Midnight Arose," - repeated the Reddish Hare and ate a stalk of grass.

"Yes, the midnight arose at...um... midnight," - Kayda proceeded carefully. - "Actually, it's not midnight yet. Why do you think you will miss it?"

The Ocean Bear laughed and poked the Reddish Hare's side with his finger:

"He is *totally* unaware of what we are talking, is he not!"

The Reddish Hare started and his ears became even more red from anger and embarrassment.

"I don't like being poked into sides with fat fingers!" - said he resentfully.

"We don't have all the choices we want, do we?", - said the Ocean Bear.

"We don't", - agreed the Reddish Hare.

Kayda stood up, confused and overloaded with weirdness. He had always been weird quite enough himself to even try to understand the weirdness of those three. He started for the road.

"Wizards should know what the Midnight Arose is," - uttered the Basket Turtle. - "Especially if they want to leave."

Kayda stopped.

"How do you know I'm a wizard?" - he asked, surprised. - "And why do you think I want to leave?"

"I've seen you at Withered Dry."

Kayda should've guessed that these three were from Withered Dry.

"Is it really important to know what that Midnight Arose is?"

"It is," - said the Ocean Bear.

"It is," - repeated the Reddish Hare.

Confused, Kayda sat back in front of the fire and waited while the Basket Turtle decided to talk.

"The Midnight Arose is a kind of a wind which, once encountered by a traveller, may carry him wherever he likes."

"And? You are saying that these plains are likely to produce such a wind?"

"Any place is appropriate. The wind needs to be called. So it says here in the book," - and the Basket Turtle pointed to Ocean Bear. With growing amazement Kayda saw that Ocean Bear's huge round stomach was covered with miniature writings.

"Incredible!" - said Kayda sincerely.

"It is the Book of Winds, chapter 15," - said the Basket Turtle. - "A handbook for any traveller."

"And how can this Midnight Arose be called?"

"Four have to perform a spell dance at midnight."

Kayda looked at them.

"But there are only three of you!"

"Yes, exactly," - said the Reddish Hare.

As truth began to dawn upon the wizard, the Ocean Bear stood up and firmly lifted the Reddish Hare along by pulling him up by his ears.

The Reddish Hare extracted an injection and his ears became even more red from anger and embarrassment.

"I don't like being pulled up by the ears!" - said he bitterly.

"We don't have all the choices we want, do we?", - said the Ocean Bear.

"We don't", - agreed the Reddish Hare.

"It is time to rehearse then," - said the Basket Turtle and Kayda snapped out of his confusion.

"I am not doing any silly dancing!" - he said.

"You are not," - agreed the Basket Turtle, - "because this is not a silly dance. I find it quite enjoyable, actually."

The plain and the moon watched four figures move strangely as if to some silent music. An unexisting band played a gentle melody and an unexisting flute player had problems extracting a lower C from time to time.

"To some we also don't exist," - said the Basket Turtle, moving in circles and waving it's tiny head from left to right. - "To some we are just part of a made-up story."

"A story someone probably wrote out of boredom," - said the Ocean Bear, - "for you can't possibly write a story about someone like us unless being very bored."

"We are boredom itself," - said the Basket Turtle.

"We are boredom itself," - agreed the Reddish Hare.

The unexisting flute player performed a difficult passage without mistakes and both the Basket Turtle and the Ocean Bear applauded. The Reddish Hare was busy scratching his left ear, while his right ear got accidentally stuck in the wizard's belt.

Time passed slowly, but no matter how slow it passed, midnight happened and dancing was suddenly more than mere rehearsal. Every move became filled with sense, as if those moves were words of a mysterious language.

Pink shaded waves crossed the plain and circled the four dancers, creating a whirlpool and lifting them up into mid air.

"We made it!" - laughed the Basket Turtle, tumbling.

"And what happens now?" - asked Kayda. His cane and sack were left on the ground, but he had no time to be concerned about that.

"The wind will take you wherever you wish."

"And where shall we go?"

"Each of us goes his own path," - said the Ocean Bear.

"We always go different paths, even when we are walking the same road," - said the Basket Turtle.

Suddenly, the Ocean Bear was taken by one of the waves and carried away swiftly, disappearing behind the horizon in a matter of seconds. The Reddish Hare in turn made his decision and vanished.

"And where will you go?" - asked Kayda.

"No matter where I shall go, I shall never return," - said the Basket Turtle. - "But you'll want to visit Withered Dry one day."

"I don't think so."

"I know you don't. Not now."

Pink wave took the Basket Turtle and started carrying it away, but before it vanished, Kayda could hear it's words: "Don't be so serious about the words of a turtle, wizard. Turtles aren't as wise as they're believed to be... But they are in shells."

Kayda closed his eyes and thought of the place he always longed for.

At first nothing happened and for a moment he was afraid the wind was going to leave him where he was, alone, with months of journey ahead of him, but just then waves of warm air hit his face and he knew he was flying at the speed of thought.

Somewhen his feet felt ground beneath them and, opening his eyes, Kayda found himself walking a city square on the other side of the planet, with Withered Dry and three weird travellers seeming to be nothing but a distant dream...

## One Voice Compo 2

Results of One Voice Compo held April the 1st - April the 15th, 2006.

1.	Gazus Snake	Ceinture noire du pliM de poignet
2.	Cdnalsi	Arabian Etude
3.	nait08	an ode to shelob
4.	Gazus Snake	Ces Couloirs Circulaires du Conservatoire
5.	xTrlm	Redemption
6.	DJ Bouche	A Day Awaits
7.	speed-focus	two wasted minutes
8.	Yarron Katz	Ever Pools of Once
9.	DJ Bouche	Stranded
10.	Aymes	Solitude
11.	LPChip	One Voice Chip
12.	Zepsi	Morning in a Dark Room
13.	Analysis	Piano Tune
14.	CrazyMan	Suffering Part 1 - Headache
15.	Void Pointer	Aiden
16.	apple-joe	Waiting
17.	iliks	Black Submarine
18.	Sonicade	One
19.	BYTE-Smasher	Melodic Interludes of a Percussive Psychopath
20.	Nifflas	Harmless
21.	Kruser	A little bit of MUSIC.BAS

Thanks to everybody who participated, thanks to judges for their big work and for everybody's patience waiting for the results!

After this melody-driven compo is over, it is a good relax to join the crap compo, ran by CDNalsi: <http://cdn.untergrund.net/crap/>

## Ads Section

<b>My blog on chiptunes!</b> <a href="http://chiptunes.blogspot.com/">http://chiptunes.blogspot.com/</a>	Teh Crap Compo <a href="http://cdn.undergrund.net/crap/">http://cdn.undergrund.net/crap/</a>
<b>You can't see or buy cars here...</b>	<a href="http://www.jamesmorrison.com.au">http://www.jamesmorrison.com.au</a>
<b>PHP Mailer</b> - Full featured email transfer class for PHP <a href="http://phpmailer.sourceforge.net/">http://phpmailer.sourceforge.net/</a>	Not only PC games speedruns, but also NES, SNES and Sega games recordings!!! <a href="http://speeddemosarchive.com/">http://speeddemosarchive.com/</a>

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The staff: editor - Verona L., reporter - Louigi V.